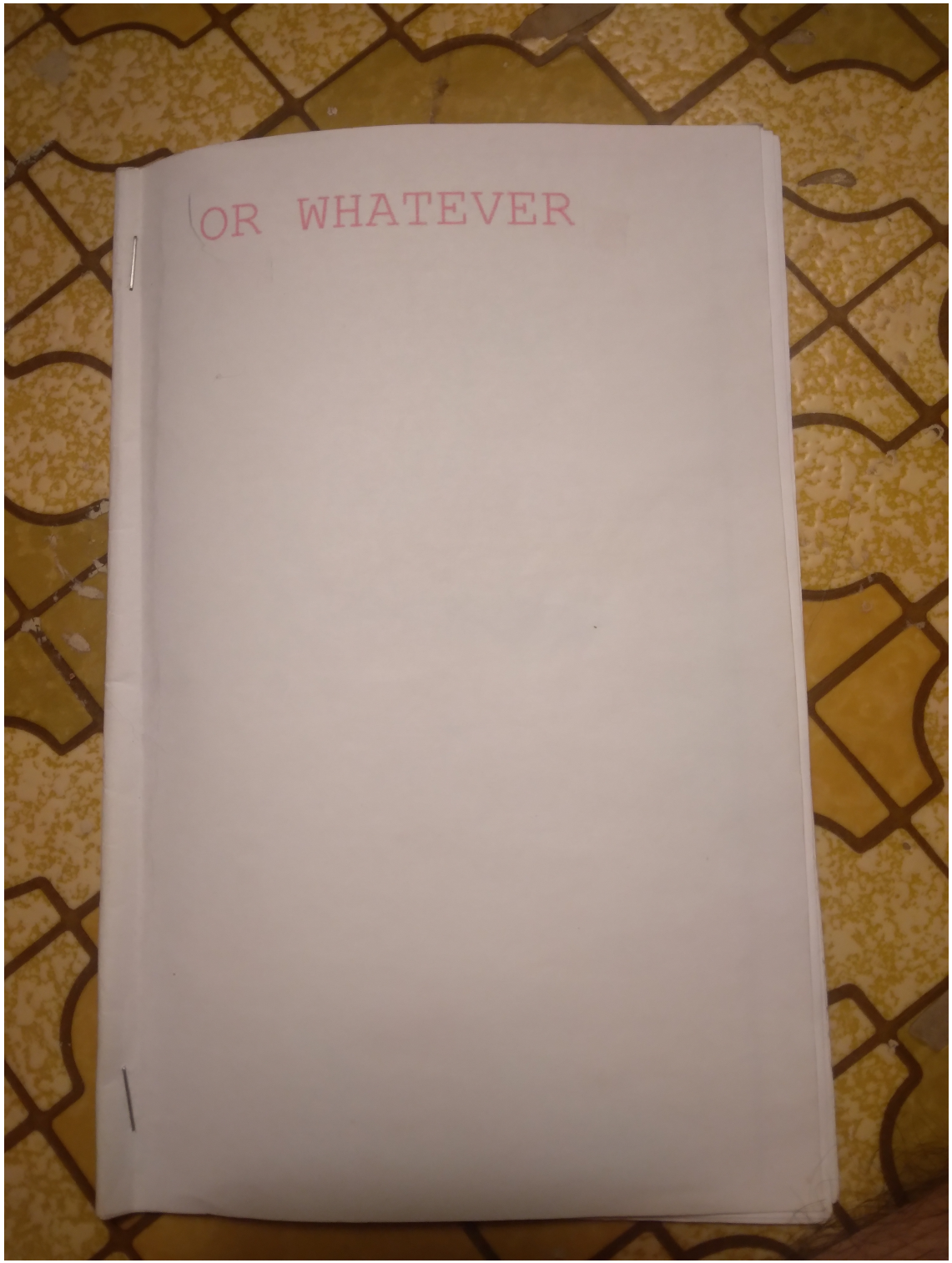
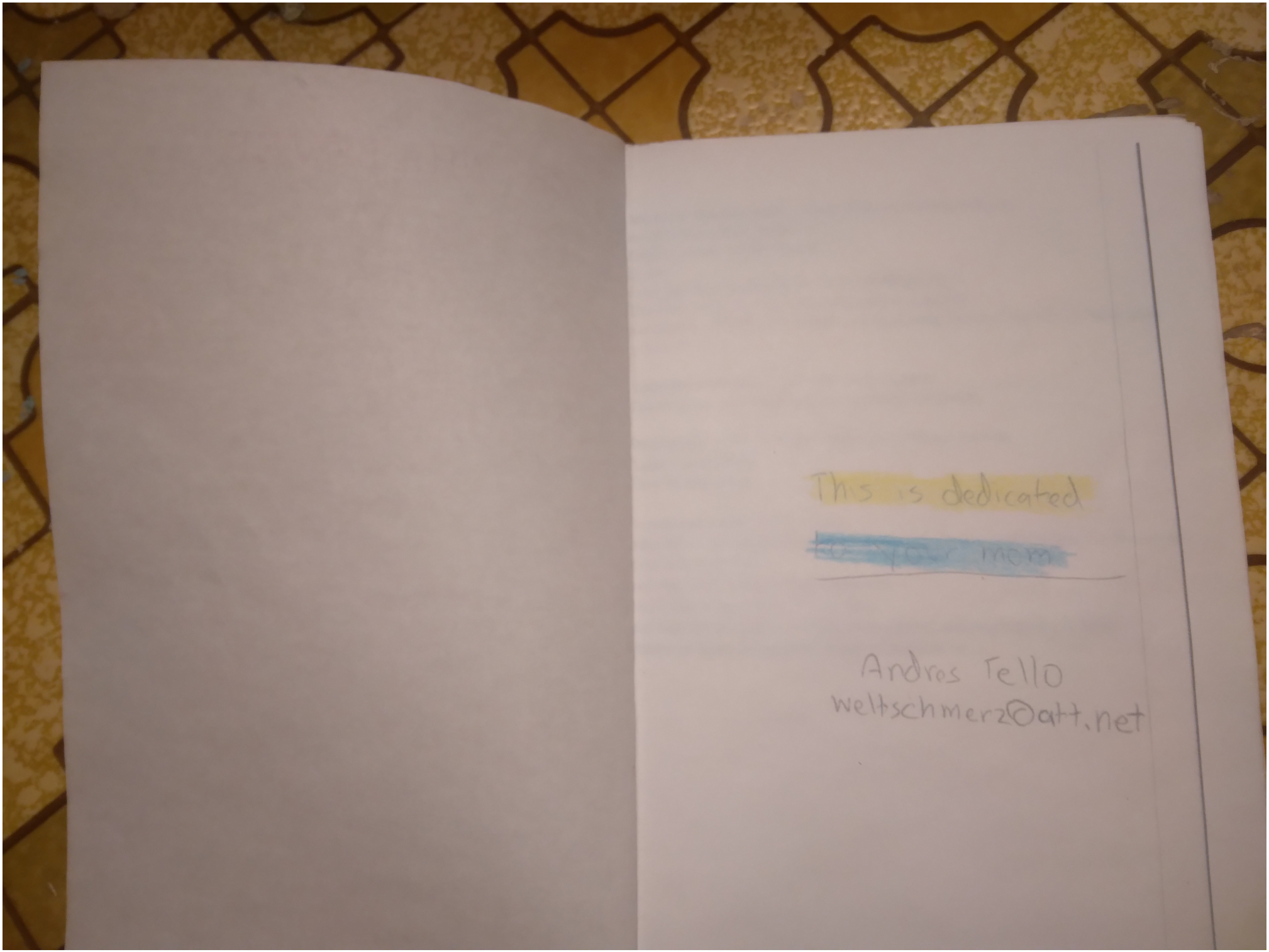

OR WHATEVER


This is dedicated
to your mom
Andros Tello
weltschmerz@att.net

Moments that feel totally whole (like, exploding with joy)
are elusive as fuck, man.
Death's dumb-ass harbinger,
decay,
is taking chunks of me back to the [redacted] origin.
The little casual sadness that encroaches in on joy
sometimes feels like it's actually us mourning the stuff that decay takes away
y'know?

Limitless sky blue tinged with cancer green.
Cancer green that feeds into fresh new grass green.

Writing this down, trying to make scary things known,
doesn't really help.
They're still scary.

Sometimes i miss being a kid,
miss thinking that the teenage mutant ninja turtles actually lived in the sewe
That was *real* then,
nd real wasn't such a tiny room yet,
nd I didn't know real had borders,
nd that our next door neighbors in eternal nothingness don't have
oices or faces or laughter or joy or sadness or…

i try to be happy, when I think of how
against the backdrop of eternal nothingness,
life is really tiny,
like shaq in a dinosaur museum.

it doesn't work though, 'cause
i remember my mom's voice--
always hoarse from cleaning product fumes--

her tone with doctors
never the same as with bums.

i felt happy today.

that's probably why
i only found one song on my ipod
that I liked.
out of thousands.

i also figured out what
i really want
to do for a living!

i want to be a therapist!
(so I can get paid to ignore people)

i don't want to be no writer;
writers are failed ghandis and hitlers.

fuck that.

Look at me, I can simile:
The days accumulate, like spit-out gum on city sidewalks.

Turned black from people's footsteps.

Sad wilco song on youtube.
Tweedy looks worn-out with grief.
Woman's voice yesterday (clogged with sobs)
trying to read a poem about her recently deceased dad.

Would daily morning hugs make any difference?

when I die,
i wanna be buried
under one of those trees that
live for thousands of years.
become food for something that
doesn't end so quickly
and
never has to grieve absences.

fuck yeah.

it makes the thought of dying
less scary.

…finally a real goal.
something worthwhile to aspire to.

trying to make a lack into a peace
sometimes feels like you're building houses out of boogers.

i'll never stop tryin' though.

hopefully one day the yearning will stop screaming at me.
(it thinks it's a mom, crazy and concerned.)

… but it isn't…

…it's a crazy neighbor who's always asking me to listen to its inane sob stories.
i give him beer but that just makes him annoying and start crying and scaring the other neighbors' kids.

i want him the fuck *out*.

…now i'm the crazy neighbor with the inane sob story.

came to visit family this weekend. today my uncle asked me to help him mow their lawn. i deferred 'cause I eat their food.

there were these little yellow wildflowers. my uncle looked at me while I hesitated, shot me a look like an army general in a movie. "they're not grass," he said. i did as I was told.

he ripped a dandelion plant out of the ground. i thought of schizophrenic bums who sit ostracized at busstops. they're not grass.

i saw the ants inside of a piece of wood i was chopping, now homeless. felt like hernan cortez.

i was surprised my uncle didn't say, "forgot to buy some raid."

Went to the book fair. When I was walking into ucla, there was this woman walking with two little girls. One of the little girls jumped excitedly into some plants, started hugging them, with lots of little kid glee. The woman didn't yell at her to stop, or look around embarrassedly to see if anyone had looked. She just looked at the little kid with this patient face. Then the little girl started hugging the other little girl, over and over and over, in the warmest, most loving way I've ever seen a little kid act.

Today in the morning I could hear the little neighbor girl arguing with her older sister, in a mean way. Belligerent. Her dad came to the U.S in the 80's, 'cause the Guatemalan government was committing genocide against its indigenous people. The little loving girl's mom looked like she'd been raised in a safe suburb.

It's like, sometimes little waves at your nearby beach are made 'cause there's a tsunami happening thousands of miles away.

On the bus, passing by the cemetery.

The trees there look more beautiful than any I've ever seen
In any park.
they've got lots of *food* under them
(brought in mostly by senseless desires
that were never completely fulfilled).

Well, those people finally found a purpose, I guess.

sometimes i get this powerful urge to just *jump* into fast-moving traffic,
to feel a car's hot body press itself against mine passionately
in final union.

It wouldn't be a woman,
but it would take me out of this place
In a bigger climax than any orgasm--
;;;

HAPPY
HAPPY